

# Our Dumb Animals!

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

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No. 6.

## *The Two Angels.*

God called his nearest angels who dwelled with him above :  
The tenderest one was Pity, the dearest one was Love.  
"Arise," he said, "my angels! a wail of woe and sin  
Steals through the gates of heaven, and saddens all within."

My harps take up the mournful strain that from a lost  
world swells,  
The smoke of torment clouds the light and blights the  
asphodels:  
Fly downward to that under world, and on its souls of  
pain  
Let Love drop smiles like sunshine, and Pity tears like  
rain!"  
Two faces bowed before the Throne veiled in their golden  
hair;  
Four white wings hastened swiftly down the dark abyss  
of air.  
The way was strange, the flight was long, at length the  
angels came,  
Where swung the lost and nether world, red-wrapped in  
rayless flame.  
There Pity shuddering wept, but Love with faith too strong  
for fear,  
Took heart from God's almighty ness, and smiled a smile of  
cheer.  
And lo! that tear of Pity quenched the flame whereon it  
fell,  
And with the sunshine of that smile hope entered into  
hell!  
Two unveiled faces, filled with joy, looked upward to the  
throne,  
Four white wings folded at the feet of Him who sat there  
on!  
And deeper than the sound of seas, more soft than falling  
flame,  
Amidst the hush of wing and song the voice Eternal  
spake.  
Welcome, my angels! ye have brought a holier joy to  
heaven!  
Henceforth its sweetest song shall be the song of sins for  
given."

## *Directions for Killing Domestic Animals.*

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of  
Cruelty to Animals undertakes to kill, or have killed,  
in a merciful manner, all horses, dogs and  
cats in Boston and vicinity. There should be in  
every city and town one or more skilled persons  
to do this business. In many towns and cities  
there is no such person, therefore the Society pub-  
lishes these simple directions, hoping thus to pre-  
vent much cruelty now practised.



1. *By blows.*—Bindfold, and with a heavy axe or hammer strike just below the foretop, at the point indicated by the dot in the cut. One vigorous blow will fell the horse; two will make death sure.
2. *By the bullet.*—Place the muzzle of the rifle or pistol within a few inches of the head, and shoot him at the dot. Aim towards center of the head. A charge of buckshot fired from a shot gun will be equally effective. *Be careful not to strike or shoot too low.*

It is absolutely unsafe to administer chloroform to a horse that has the use of its legs.

## DOGS AND CATS.

For a small dog or cat, a quarter of a teaspoonful of *pure* cyanide of potassium, placed on the tongue (they will not take it in food), as near the throat as possible, is sufficient; or they may be chloroformed, by saturating a sponge or folded flannel with the liquid (an ounce is sufficient), and placing it with the animal in an ordinary wash-boiler, or other air-tight vessel.

For a large dog, use half a teaspoonful of *pure* cyanide of potassium, placed on the tongue, as near the throat as possible

But it is much better to shoot, placing the muzzle of the gun or pistol so as to aim a little one side of the centre of the top of the head, so that the bullet shall go down through the brain into or towards the neck.

Be careful never to shoot too low or directly in the middle, on account of thick bones.

The Society has also been endeavoring to introduce into all our slaughter houses more humane methods of killing the animals used for food, and for this purpose publishes the following:—

## PRECAUTIONS.

The animal to be slaughtered should be conducted to the spot as quietly as possible, without the use of goad or club, and everything calculated to alarm should be removed. All slaughtering premises should be kept thoroughly cleansed from blood and offal, and no carcasses be allowed to hang in view. No animal should be permitted to witness the death of another. Trifling as these measures may appear, they are in reality of vast importance, not only in view of avoiding useless cruelty, but as affecting the wholesomeness of meat for food, and the market value of the animal slaughtered; there being no question as to the effects of torture, cruelty and fear upon the secretions and upon the flesh.



The most humane and effectual way of killing cattle is to shoot them. One ordinary sized bullet given at the point indicated by the dot in the cut will generally prove sufficient.

Calves should be stunned before they are cut. The calf should be stunned with a blow upon the head by a broad mallet or hammer, aimed at a spot relatively the same as in the full-grown animal. This is to be followed by immediate bleeding, by severing the throat at a point corresponding to the upper portion of the windpipe, using a sharp knife and doing the work thoroughly and at once, so as to

Canning, one of England's wittiest and most classical orators, used to say he was sure of speaking his best if he rose in a great fright. The more his heart beat the more certain he was that the heart of the audience would soon beat in responsive sympathetic rhythm.

open all the arteries and veins of the neck. The old time method of bleeding calves several days before they are killed is not only inhuman, but the process injures the meat, in some cases poisoning it. All suffering just before death injures the meat and sometimes poisons it. It has been found that even fish are much better when killed as soon as caught, by striking the back of the head sharply with a stick or stone.

Some of our fishermen now carry little clubs or batons for that purpose.

All wounded birds and other creatures should be killed as speedily as possible, to prevent injury to the meat. These facts are well established by scientific authority.

#### SHEEP AND LAMBS.

Sheep and lambs should be rendered insensible by a blow on the head, to be followed by severing the throat as just advised in the case of calves, or by plunging a sharp pointed knife through the blood vessels at either side of the neck between the bones and windpipe.

The place to be selected for a blow is the centre of a line drawn across the head about two inches above the eyes, the brain in the sheep occupying a situation posterior to what at first sight would appear the natural one.

In behalf of the Society,

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

#### For Our Dumb Animals.

#### *Band of Mercy Hymn.*

Tune,—“Park Street” or “Missionary Chant.”

O Thou, by whose creative power,  
Seraph and insect of an hour  
Live, move, rejoice,—we faint would share  
The spirit of our Saviour’s prayer.

Thy law of kindness here bear sway,  
As in Thy heaven’s immortal day!  
While Thou dost list the ravens’ cry,  
Let us no lowly need deny.

While Thou dost mark a sparrow’s fall,  
May we, Thy children, reverence all  
The creatures of Thy loving care,  
Nor deeds belie our faith and prayer.

But, kind to every living thing,  
Sheltered beneath Thy brooding wing;  
So let our daily lives be praise,  
And imitate our Father’s ways.

—Mrs. Mary Johnson.

#### For Our Dumb Animals.

#### *Band of Mercy Hymn.*

Tune,—“St. Paul’s” or “Hebron.”

[“And the Lord called unto Moses out of the burning bush, and said, Put off thy shoes from thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.”—Exodus.]

[“Yea, the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself. Thine altars, oh Lord of Hosts!”—Psalm.]

“Dost God for oxen care?”—O blind

Perversity of heart and mind!

The potters prize their work of clay,

Is He less mindful, think, than they?

His hand hath formed, His love inspired  
The life with which this realm is fired.  
“Take off thy shoes! ‘Tis holy ground!”  
Circles the lowliest life around.

Not lightly touched might be of old  
The Ark that bore the temple’s gold,  
That symbolized the Love Divine!  
Where doth the true Shekinah shine?

O look not far! That Love doth brood  
In lives the humblest and most rude.  
An angel’s song, a bird-note clear,  
Rise to the same all-listening ear.

On altars where the saints seek rest,  
The tiny swallow builds her nest.  
And here, as in the days of old,  
Are bush of flame and ark of gold.

—Mrs. Mary Johnson.

#### *Thanksgiving Hymn for the Bands of Mercy.*

BY URSULA TANNENFORST.

Tune,—“God shall charge His Angel Legions.”

For the harmless and neglected  
Creatures injured or oppressed,  
Now by Mercy’s Bands protected  
In our land from East to West,—

On this day of glad thanksgiving,  
Kept for sacred jubilee,  
Lord of all the creatures living,  
May our thanks arise to Thee!

One fair day of Autumn’s splendor,  
Pilgrim fathers set apart,  
For Thy blessings, Lord, to render  
Thanks to Thee, with grateful heart.

Pilgrim fathers’ work extending,  
May their sons new lessons teach;  
Man and beast from wrong defending,—  
Thus Thy mercy’s gospel preach.

#### For Our Dumb Animals.

#### *Band of Mercy Christmas Hymn.*

BY URSULA TANNENFORST, OF PHILADELPHIA.

Tune,—“Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion, city of our God,” which is also the air of the Austrian National Hymn.

Comrades, sing in joyful measures,—  
Christmas brings its gladness cheer;  
Now, amid our youthful pleasures,  
Backward gazing o’er the year.  
For the time receding from us,  
Friends, what record shall we find?  
Have we kept our Band’s bright promise?  
Been to harmless creatures kind?

Are our hearts with ardor burning,  
Help to give and wrongs to tell?  
For the weak and voiceless yearning,  
Guilt and cruelty to quell?  
O, may every boy and maiden  
Stirred alike with pity plead  
For the creatures heavy-laden—  
Soldiers all at mercy’s need!

As we chant our tuneful verses,—  
Each fair gift of God recall,  
O, may He with constant mercies,  
Keep our Band from sloth and fall!  
Soon from Christmas joys departing,  
Friends, let us our promise here  
Pledge anew, with hopeful starting  
For our Band’s untroubled year!

#### For Our Dumb Animals.

#### *Our Band of Mercy.*

HYMN BY MRS. JUDGE NASH.

Tune,—“America.”

With banner and with song,  
We come happy throng,  
To celebrate  
The birth of this our Band,  
Which lifts the blessed wand  
Of mercy o’er the land,  
With power great.  
It urges mercy kind  
To all whom we may find  
In want or woe;  
Or man, or beast, or bird,  
Where saddest plaints are heard,  
It bids each heart be stirred  
To mercy show.

Upon our banner’s side,  
*Lore, mercy*, we inscribe  
And may the sight  
Inspire us with a zeal  
To work for others’ weal,  
And in each sad appeal  
Side with the right.

So may we at life’s close,  
When in death’s calm repose,  
Past earth’s employ,  
Receive the rich reward,  
As promised in His word,  
“Ye did it to the Lord,  
Enter my joy”

#### *Was It Not Providence?*

About forty years ago, in the western part of New York, lived a lonely widowed mother. Her husband had been dead many years, and her only daughter was grown up and married, living at the distance of a mile or so from the family mansion.

And thus the old lady lived alone day and night. Yet in her conscious innocence and trust in Providence, she felt safe and cheerful, did her work quietly during the daylight and at evening slept sweetly.

One morning, however, she awoke with an extraordinary and unwanted gloom upon her mind, which was impressed with the apprehension that something was about to happen to her or hers. So full was she of this thought that she could not stay at home that day, but must go abroad to give vent to it, unbosoming herself to her friends, especially to her daughter. With her she spent the greater part of the day, and to her she several times repeated the recital of her apprehensions. The daughter as often repeated the assurances that her good mother had never done injury to any person, and added, “I cannot think any one would hurt you, for you have not an enemy in the world.”

On her way home she called on her neighbor, who lived in the last house before she reached her own. Here she again made known her continued apprehensions, which had nearly ripened into fear, and from the lady of the mansion she received answers similar to those of her daughter: “You have harmed no one in your life-time; surely no one will molest you.” “Here, Rover,” she said to a stout watch dog that lay on the floor, “here, Rover, go home with Mrs. Mozer, and take care of her.” Rover did as he was told. The widow went home, milked her cows, took care of everything out of doors, and went to bed as usual. Rover had not left her for an instant. When she was fairly in bed, he laid himself down upon the outside, and as the widow relied upon his fidelity, and perhaps chid herself with needless fear, she fell asleep. Some time in the night she awoke, being startled, probably, by a slight noise outside the house. It was so slight, however, that she was not aware of being startled at all, but heard as soon as she awoke a sound like the raising of a window near her bed, which was in a room on the ground floor.

The dog neither barked nor moved. Next there was another sound, as if some one was in the room and stepped cautiously on the floor. The woman saw nothing, but now for the first time felt the dog move, as he made a violent spring from the bed, and at the same moment something fell on the floor, sounding like a heavy log. Then followed other noises, like the pawing of a dog’s feet, but soon all was still again, and the dog resumed his place on the bed, without having barked or growled at all.

The widow lay awake, suffering, yet not deeming it best to get up. But at last she stepped out of bed and struck a light, and there lay the body of a man extended on the floor, dead, with a large knife in his hand.

The dog had seized him by the throat with a grasp of death, and neither man nor dog could utter a sound till all was over. The man was the widow’s son-in-law, the husband of her only daughter. He coveted her little store of wealth, her house, her cattle and her land; and instigated by his sordid impatience, he could not wait for the decay of nature to give her property up to him and his, as the only heirs apparent, but made this stealthy visit to do a deed of darkness in the gloom of the night. A fearful retribution awaited him. The widow’s apprehensions, communicated to her mind and impressed upon her nerves, by what unseen power we know not, the sympathy of the woman who loaned the dog, and the silent but certain watch of the dog himself, formed a chain of events which brought the murderer’s blood upon his own head, and which are difficult to be explained without reference to that Providence which numbers the hairs of our heads, watches the sparrows’ fall, and shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will.

—Harper’s Weekly.



**Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.**

Geo. T. Angell, President, Samuel E. Sawyer, Vice President, Rev. Thomas Timmins, Secretary, Joseph L. Stevens, Treasurer.

**Band of Mercy Pledge.**

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge.

**M. S. P. C. A.**

on our badges mean, "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

**Band of Mercy Information.**

We send without cost to every person in the world who asks, full information about our Bands of Mercy,—how to form, what to do, how to do it, &c., &c. To every Band formed in America of forty or more, we send, also without cost, "Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals," full of anecdote and instruction, our monthly paper, *OUR DUMB ANIMALS*, for one year, containing the best humane stories, poems, &c. Also a leaflet of "Band of Mercy" hymns and songs. To every American teacher who forms an American Teacher's Band of twenty or more, we send all the above and a beautiful imitation gold badge pin.

We have badges, beautiful membership cards *for those who want them*, and a membership book *for each Band that wants one*, but they are not necessary unless wanted. All that we require is simply signing our pledge: "I will try to be kind to all *harmless* living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage." The machinery is so simple that any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost whatever, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish to purchase badges, hymn and song leaflet, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; hymn and song leaflet, fifty cents a hundred; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, six cents. The "Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole ten bound together in one pamphlet, full of anecdote as well as instruction.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a good, kind act, to make the world happier and better, is earnestly invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 96 Tremont Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

**An Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.**

1—Sing Band of Mercy hymn and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies].

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings, and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy Hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy Hymn.

In a Western Legislature: Said the speaker to rural member: "The gentleman is out of order." "Out of order, am I?" indignantly replied the member; "if you come out back of the building, I'll show you what order I'm in.

We have to Sept. 20th, in all, 3,505 Bands of Mercy, with about 239,000 members.

**Rev. Mr. Timmins**

is still at Rochester, N. Y. Letters sent to our care will be forwarded at once.

**Band of Mercy Melodies.**

We regret that we have not been able to fill orders for our new book. New hymns and songs, recently received, have delayed publication. We shall issue No. 1 Band of Mercy Melodies at three cents per copy, or fifty copies for one dollar, early in November, and at once fill orders received. It will contain about forty hymns and songs to popular well-known tunes. We make the book as large as we can for the price. Other hymns and songs received we hold for Book No. 2, to appear at some future time.

**New Bands of Mercy Formed by Mass. S. P. C. A.**

**THE AMERICAN TEACHERS' BANDS OF MERCY.**

- 313. New York, N. Y. 18th Ward Band.
- 2774. *P.*, Mary E. Van Dyck.  
*S.*, Matilda C. Voleke.
- 314. Roxbury, Mass. Roxbury School Band.
- 2775. *P.*, Harry Dunn.  
*S.*, Irene Fisher.
- 315. Dodge Centre, Minn.
- 2776. *P.* & *S.*, Marion Wood.
- 316. Wallkill, N. Y. Pioneer Band.
- 2777. *P.*, Rachel H. Roosekrans.  
*S.*, J. Edwin Graham.
- 317. Everett, Mass. School A Band.
- 2778. *P.* & *S.*, Lucy B. Roberts.
- 318. Everett, Mass. School B Band.
- 2779. *P.* & *S.*, Nellie F. Corey.
- 319. Hamilton, N. Y. Bonney Hill Band.
- 2785. *P.*, Willie Corey.  
*S.*, Ida Corey.
- 320. Adams Basin, N. Y.
- 2786. *P.*, Allie Baxter.  
*S.*, Louise Marshall.
- 321. Centre Chain, Minn. Prairie School Band.
- 2787. *P.* & *S.*, Roberta L. Strong.
- 322. High Point, N. C. High School Band.
- 3406. *P.*, David H. Blair.
- 323. Jonesville, S. C. Morning Dawn No. 2 Band.
- 3407. *P.*, F. B. Reynolds.  
*S.*, Eliza Rice.
- 324. Chapel Hill, N. C. Laurel Wreath Band.
- 3410. *P.*, Lizzie Harnard.  
*S.*, Mrs. Lucy W. Weathersbee.
- 325. Chapman, Neb. Gov. St. John Band.
- 3411. *P.*, Joseph Makinson.  
*S.*, Lizzie Morrill.
- 326. Alton, Ill. Grammar School No. 4 Band.
- 3460. *P.*, Gertie McKinney.  
*S.*, George Joesting.
- 327. Granby, Mass.
- 3461. *P.* & *S.*, Kate A. Chaffee.
- 328. Yeagertown, Pa. The Little Helpers' Band.
- 3462. *P.* & *S.*, Etta M. Penepacker.
- 329. Second Grade Band.
- 3463. *P.* & *S.*, Millie B. Millikin.
- 330. Willing Workers' Band.
- 3464. *P.* & *S.*, T. W. Townsend.
- 331. West Brookfield Dumb Animal Band.
- 3465. *P.* & *S.*, Alice J. White.
- 332. Santa Monica, Cal. Try Band.
- 3466. *P.* & *S.*, S. M. Levering.
- 333. Melrose, Mass. Olive Branch Band.
- 3489. *P.* & *S.*, Mrs. Kate W. Bascom.
- 334. Lockport, N. Y. Hawley Band.
- 3491. *P.*, C. A. Davenport.  
*S.*, Gertie L. Sullivan.
- 335. Cedartown, Ga.

- 3492. *P.* & *S.*, J. C. Harris.
- 336. Lena, Ill. Star of Hopefuls' Band.
- 3493. *P.* & *S.*, Alice M. Gitchell.
- 337. Camden, N. J. School Boys' Band.
- 3494. *P.*, Wilbur Sloan.  
*S.*, Emily Roettger.
- 338. Jamestown, Col. Morning Star Band.
- 3499. *P.*, Clinton McIntosh.  
*S.*, Frank Moore.
- 339. Evening Star Band.
- 3500. *P.*, Cora Wellman.  
*S.*, Ella Evans.
- 340. Lewistown, Pa. Truth Band.
- 3501. *P.* & *S.*, T. W. Townsend.
- 341. New Haven, Conn. Dwight School Band.
- 3502. *P.*, Benj. F. Rowland.  
*S.*, Noy D. Clark.  
*T.*, Mira Cargill.
- 342. Vassar, Mich. Blaine Band.
- 3503. *P.*, Hattie King.  
*S.*, Addie Sherman.
- 343. Kent, Iowa. Hawkeye Band.
- 3504. *P.*, Rena Boyer.  
*S.*, Lucy Munch.
- 344. Millport, Mo. Phoebe Cary Band.
- 3506. *P.*, Elsie McDonald.  
*S.*, P. T. Peltz.
- 345. Lockport, N. Y. High School Band.
- 3507. *P.* & *S.*, Mary E. Buckley.
- 345. Lockport, N. Y. High School Band.
- 3507. *P.* & *S.*, Mary E. Buckley.
- 346. Waterbury, Conn. H. F. Bassett Band.
- 3509. *P.*, Arthur S. Meloy.  
*S.*, Ellen J. Whiton.
- 347. New Richmond, Ohio. Sweet Violet Band.
- 3510. *P.* & *S.*, Helen M. Porter.
- 348. Adams, Ind.
- 3511. *P.* & *S.*, Mrs. H. Eckert.
- 3508. Utica, Ill. Mission School Band.
- 3509. *P.* & *S.*, Rev. Charles Boaz

**OTHER BANDS.**

- 3408. St. Louis, Mo. Edward Everett Hale Band.  
*P.*, R. B. Wauchope.
- 3409. Forward Band.  
*P.*, Dr. John Allen.
- 3467. West Peabody, Mass. Henderson Band, W.P.S.S.  
*P.*, Mrs. E. Arthur Needham.  
*S.*, Ruth S. Mugford.
- 3489. Farmington, N. H. Free Baptist S. S. Band.  
*P.*, Rev. Thomas Spooner.
- 3490. New Orleans, La. Pearl Rivers Band.  
*P.* & *S.*, Mrs. F. Schaffer.
- 3505. Stamford, Conn. Universalist S. S. Band.  
*P.*, Chas. Hempstead.  
*S.*, Rose Schofield.  
*T.*, Maud Hempstead.

**Two Good Letters Dated Oct. 4th.**

WEST VIRGINIA, Oct. 4, 1884.

George T. Angell, Esq., President, &c.:

In our Teachers' Institute we have passed a resolution that each teacher will organize a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. I have given direction for getting instructions from you. Your obedient servant,

F. J. TRIPPLETT.

YEAGERSTOWN, Pa., Oct. 4, 1884.

We have three Bands—about 200 children. They are now raising money to buy cards, badges and papers. I read the stories and then have the children tell them at next meeting, also of unkind acts they have seen or thoughtlessly done. You ought to see how earnest they are.

ETTA M. PENEPASKER.

If we had space we should be glad to give extracts from a hundred such letters. Perhaps we will one of these days. We give one more now:

NEW YORK CITY, Oct. 9, 1884.

Dear Mr. Angell:

The superintendent of our schools is desirous of forming a Band of Mercy in each of *twenty-three* schools. Will you kindly send to him at our central office enough circulars containing necessary information to enable him to send one to each school. Our Band is doing nicely.

ANNIE W. STRATHERN.

## OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

*Boston, November, 1884.*

At the October Directors' meeting, Wednesday, the 15th, President Angell reported a legacy of \$500, received from Nathaniel Thayer and Wm. Minot, Jr. executors of the estate of Augusta B. Thayer, deceased. Office agents have dealt with 164 complaints of cruelty during the month, prosecuted and convicted 11, took 18 animals from work and mercifully killed 48. Country agents have dealt with about 550 cases, prosecuted 15, convicted 13, taken 73 from work, killed 61.

There are now 3,502 Bands of Mercy, with about 239,000 members.

*Mrs. Firth.*

Many of our friends will learn with regret of the death of Mrs. Firth, a most estimable lady, wife of our former Secretary, Mr. A. Firth. Mrs. Firth died on Oct. 15th, at Lynn, Mass., of gastritis, aged 57 years, and was buried at Leicester, Mass., on Oct. 17th. Our kindest wishes are with Mr. Firth in this great bereavement.

*World's Exposition at New Orleans.*

Mr. Angell has accepted an invitation to act as superintendent of the humane division of the department of agriculture, at the New Orleans Exposition. He will have office or space in that department with proper signs or placards, showing it to be devoted to "*the prevention of cruelty to animals*," and at certain hours of the day he will be there to give information to all persons wishing it in regard to *Societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals*. He will have humane literature for gratuitous distribution. He will give addresses and lectures as opportunities may occur and endeavor to aid, so far as possible, in starting societies in the Southern and Western states. He will remain at New Orleans a part of the winter, and perhaps the whole. His address will be Humane Division, Department of Agriculture, Exposition, New Orleans, Louisiana, and all persons having humane books, pictures or literature for the protection of animals, which they are willing to have gratuitously distributed, are invited to forward the same at once to him at Boston or after Nov. 25 at New Orleans, and all friends visiting the Exposition are invited to call. Mr. Angell regrets to leave temporarily the work which occupies his whole time and thoughts in Boston; but he is fully satisfied that under the circumstances it is duty to accept this opportunity of carrying our merciful work into the South and Southwest, which never has occurred before, and will not be likely to occur again in his life-time.

*Richard Barlow Kennett, of Petersfield, Hants, Eng.*

We have received from this distinguished philanthropist £20 (\$100) to aid in pushing the work of the Bands of Mercy in this country. We have also received from Helen E. Watney of England some very appropriate lines dedicated to Mr. Kennett, beginning:

"Happy the man who all his time  
Employs in deeds of kindness,  
Who spends his wealth with open hand  
To aid the mute and helpless."

*Autobiographical Sketches.*

Mr. Angell has just published a handsomely-bound octavo volume containing two photographs and 234 pages of autobiographical sketches and other writings. A copy will be sent gratuitously to each of the principal societies in the United States, also to foreign societies of which Mr. Angell is an honorary member; also to various libraries, to directors of the Massachusetts Society P. C. A., and some others. About one hundred copies will be for sale at this office at 50 cents per copy.

The volume includes, among other writings, the following pamphlets: The Prevention of Crime, 11 pages; Labor Question, 7 pages; Congressional Report on Adulteration of Foods, &c., 29 pages; The Check Rein, 8 pages; Five Questions Answered, 8 pages; Bands of Mercy Information, 10 pages; Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals, 28 pages; Cattle Transportation, 8 pages; Protection of Animals, 16 pages. Also names of officers of American Humane Association, Massachusetts Society Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and of the principal societies P. C. A. in the United States.

*Rochester.*

We are glad to know that the Rochester Society has elected Rev. Mr. Timmins an honorary member.

*Cold Mornings.*

Do as you would be done by, and remember to warm frosty bits before putting them in your horse's mouth.

*Mr. Saltonstall's Horse.*

Mr. Henry Saltonstall, formerly a Director and Treasurer of our Society, relates to us a little incident which occurred a few days ago. One of his horses appeared to be lame. He stopped, examined the forefoot which seemed to be lame, and which the horse readily held up for inspection. Mr. S. found no stone, and then tried to examine the other foot, but the horse would not raise it, and after several minutes of vigorous effort in attempting to see that foot, Mr. S. was obliged to give up the attempt. As soon as he stopped his efforts, the horse at once raised the foot which Mr. S. had previously examined and held it as high as possible, as if to attract Mr. S.'s attention. Mr. S., seeing the action of the horse, again examined the foot and found the stone, which he had not seen the first time and which caused the trouble. The horse seemed to understand that if Mr. S. examined his other foot and found nothing, he would drive on, so he persistently refused to show that foot, and as plainly as he could called attention to the real source of his trouble.

*A Denver Parrot.*

According to the *Denver Tribune*, the manager of the Opera House there for some stage purpose borrowed a parrot. During the first act the bird was quiet enough; but after becoming accustomed to its new position, it began to display its accomplishments, to the discomfort of the actors and the amusement of the audience. "Lamb chops or breaded veal!" screamed Polly. "Quit kissing the cook!" One of the performers pushed the cage to the wings of the stage, where it was taken up and carried to the property room.

Horace Greely never said a more truthful thing than when he declared, that "the darkest hour in the history of any young man is when he sits down to study how to get money without honestly earning it."

*The American Humane Association.**CIRCULAR.**BOSTON, MASS., Oct. 20, 1884.*

*To the Officers of American and Canadian Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, of Humane Societies, and of all other Societies, under whatever name, which have for one of their objects the protection of animals; also, to friends who are not members of any organization in this behalf.*

Your attention is respectfully and earnestly asked to the eighth annual meeting of the American Humane Association to be held at Pittsburg, Pa., on Wednesday, Nov. 19, 1884, 10 A.M., at the Monongahela House.

It has been usual to give the first day to the reports of officers of the Association; to the appointment of committees to consider and report upon all matters sent to them, and to the election of officers of the Association to serve during the coming year.

On Thursday, Nov. 20, the reports of the committees appointed on the day previous may be expected; also, reports from local societies, as far as time will permit, and action upon all questions submitted for decision.

A public meeting may be expected, under the auspices of the Pittsburg Society, on Thursday evening, of which due notice will be given at Pittsburg. On Friday, Nov. 21, the friends there hope to offer such opportunities to visit places of interest as will be welcomed and improved by the members from other places.

Every society to which this circular appeals has a right to send five voting delegates, but there is no limit to the number of non-voters. Friends present, who are not delegates as well as all who are, are cordially invited to take part in the discussions.

Further inquiries at Pittsburg may be made of Dr. T. J. Patterson, 68 Sixth Avenue. A special rate has been secured for members who may stop at the Monongahela House. Horse cars run directly from the Union Depot to the Monongahela House.

The proper officers of all Societies P. C. A. are asked to send to Dr. Patterson, or take with them to the meeting, written reports of their work. If opportunity shall not be found to read them at the meetings, they may be used by the Secretary in making his report. They not only add value to reports, but they reach all the Societies of P. C. A., and in this way are also preserved for future reference.

The local and general influence of these annual meetings in helping on our merciful cause can hardly be overestimated. Officers of societies and all friends are reminded that they can increase this influence by their personal attendance upon the meetings. Let the Pittsburg friends be strengthened by seeing the faces of their co-laborers from every section, but especially those from the South and West. Come!

The Secretary will welcome inquiries on any point not covered by this circular.

EDWIN LEE BROWN, President,  
Chicago, Ill.

ABRAHAM FIRTH, Secretary,  
Boston, Mass.

Herald Building, Room 17.

*Eddy's Thanksgiving.*

Last year Eddy spent Thanksgiving day at his grandpa's. For a week before the time came, he chatted about going. He wanted to take with him his drum and his rocking-chair, and Frisk, his dog; but mamma said he would have plenty of playthings and playmates without them. You would have thought so to, if you had seen the sleighs full of uncles and aunts and cousins, that came driving up to grandpa's door the day before Thanksgiving; and if you had heard the laughing and shouting, you would have said they were as merry a set of people as ever were got together.

Thanksgiving morning, grandpa said they must all go to church,—every one of them, big and little,—except Aunt Susan, who had a bad cold, so mamma dressed Eddy for church, and told him to be careful to keep himself looking nice; for he was one of the worst boys to tear and soil his clothes, that you ever saw.

Eddy took a seat in the parlor, intending to be very careful; but pretty soon he heard his cousins Harry and John talking in the kitchen, and went to see what was going on there.

As he passed along, he saw Towzer, grandpa's great shaggy dog, on the porch, and thought he must have a romp with him. He made Towzer sit up and shake hands, and perform other tricks that had been taught him. Then he thought that Towzer would make a good horse.

So he straddled Towzer's back with his short fat legs, and told him to "go long"; but Towzer did not like to play horse, and tried to shake Eddy off. Eddy held fast, and wiggled and shouted to make Towzer go; all at once the dog gave a spring, and threw Eddy off into a puddle of water.

Poor Eddy went into the house, muddy and dripping, and found that everybody was ready to start for church, of course there was not time to dress him again, so he had to stay with Aunt Susan. He did not think that was very hard, for, after he was dressed clean again, Aunt Susan gave him a cookie to eat, and a picture book to look at. When he had got through with the book, she took him down cellar with her to get some apples. Aunt Susan soon filled her pan, and started back; but Eddy stopped to taste the apples in every barrel.

"Come, Eddy," called Aunt Susan, from the head of the cellar stairs.

"In a minute," answered Eddy, straining to reach the apples in a barrel that was nearly empty, just then he slipped, and fell into the barrel, head first, with his feet sticking up.

How he squealed! Aunt Susan's cold had made her so deaf, that she did not hear him. He kept on squealing and kicking until the barrel tipped over, and then he backed out of it, and went slowly up to the kitchen, very red in the face.

He was pretty quiet after that, until dinner was ready. After dinner, the children cracked nuts, and popped corn, and played merry games, and Eddy had his share of all the fun. When he went to bed, his aunt Susan asked him whether he had had a good time.



DRIVING TO GRANDPA'S DOOR.



EDDY AND TOWZER PLAYING HORSE.

"Splendid!" said Eddy.

"How did you like being thrown into the puddle?" said Aunt Susan.

"First rate!" said Eddy.

"Did you think it good fun to dive into the barrel?"

"Jolly!" said the little rogue, "I'd like to do it again."

*Sea-Birds Afloat.*

A Fiji correspondent writes to an English paper: "Often, while sailing among the South Sea islands, I have passed flocks of birds, principally terns and whale-birds, resting in vast numbers on the sea. It is remarkable that, however rough the sea may be at the time, yet where the birds rest there is not a ripple to disturb them. This must be caused by oil, but whether it is purposely deposited by the birds with the intention of quieting the water, or whether they do so from natural causes, is a question the answer to which I think would interest many of your readers."

*The Squirrel's Lesson.*

Two little squirrels out in the sun,  
One gathered nuts, the other had none;  
"Time enough yet," his constant refrain;  
"Summer is still only just on the wane."

Listen, my child, while I tell you his fate;  
He roused him at last, but he roused him too late.

Down fell the snow from a pitiless cloud,  
And gave little squirrel a spotless white shroud.

Two little boys in a school room were placed,  
One always perfect, the other disgraced;  
"Time enough yet for my learning," he said,  
"I will climb, by and by, from the foot to the head."

Listen, my darling, their locks are turned gray;  
One as governor sitteth to-day;  
The other, a pauper, looks out at the door  
Of the almshouse, and idles his days as of yore.

Two kinds of people we meet every day,  
One is at work, the other at play.  
Living uncared for, dying unknown—  
The busiest hive hath ever a drone.  
Tell me, my child, if the squirrels have taught  
The lesson I longed to implant in your thought;  
Answer me this and my story is done.

*A Shrewd Shepherd Dog.*

FROM THE MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN.

The anecdote under above head published by you recently recalls an incident witnessed by me when a young man (some forty years ago). I was living in the family of an uncle in Medina County, Ohio, on what was known as the Norwak road, a noted thoroughfare in those days for parties who moved west with their own teams. I recollect one season that thousands of sheep were driven by on their way to Indiana and Illinois. One day a drove of just 1000 (as the drivers stated) was driven past in charge of two men and two dogs. Just past our house was a depression in the road, which at that time, it being just after a heavy rain, was nearly covered with water from fence to fence, but little more than the wagon track being bare.

Just as the head of the flock reached this spot a black water snake crossed the track, and the sagacious leading wether stopped short, and in a moment the entire space from fence to fence, and from front to rear of the flock, was packed full. A moment later a dog came bounding by over the backs of the sheep and dropping down between the water-holes, turned and very deliberately took the leading wether by the ear and gave a gentle pull. The wether instantly sprang into the air, clearing the narrow space between the water holes, followed by the entire flock, every one of which went over the spot with a bound, a large number passing directly over the dog, which did not stir out of his tracks till the whole flock passed.

M. P. P.

An unromantic doctor—a bachelor, we believe,—says that tight lacing is a public benefit, inasmuch as it kills off all the foolish girls, and leaves the wise ones to grow up to be women.

## For Our Dumb Animals.

*Uncle Jake's Dumb Critters.*

BY DIB. QUINCY, WIS.

I don't know much of languages such as the scholars tell,  
But the language of dumb critters I understand quite well.  
And I think, sir, yes, I think, sir, that their voices reach  
the sky,  
And that their Maker understands the pleading of their  
eye.  
And I shouldn't be surprised, sir, if in the judgment day  
Some cruel, heartless human folks should be as dumb as  
they.

My house is not so elegant as many are, I know;  
But my cattle are all sheltered from the wint'ry winds and  
snow;  
And they're not kept on rations that leave nothing but the  
frame,  
Or in the spring returning to the "dust from whence they  
came."  
Ah! God hath wisely ordered, sir, that, in a money way,  
Starving, abusing, critters are the things that will not pay.

If any of my flock are sick or hurt in any way,  
I see that they are cared for, sir, by night as well as day.  
My letter's on their wool, sir—"tis all the brand I know;  
My lambs—they are not tailless, for God didn't make them  
so.

Some say sheep don't need water, but I tell you it's a lie!  
They're almost frantic for it, sir, the same as you or I.

My horses—you have seen them, sir; they are just what  
they seem;  
And, it I do say it myself, they are a splendid team.  
They wear no foolish blinders, and from hitch-up reins  
they're free;  
And they never had a hurt, sir, that had been caused by  
me.

The way they do my bidding now 'tis really a surprise!  
They know my very step, sir, and thank me with their  
eyes.

My pig-pen, over yonder, I'd like, sir, to have shown;  
My hogs—they never are the "*breed*" that is but skin and  
bone;  
I know, sir, that to fatten them they need both food and  
drink,  
A shelter and a bed, sir, will help it on, I think.  
I have a yard on purpose they can root whene'er they  
choose—  
It seems to me like cruelty, so rings I never use.

There's one thing more I want to show, 'tis Hannah's hen-  
house here—  
Our poultry always pays us well, and just now eggs are  
dear—  
'Tis warm and clean and bright, you see, with gravel on  
the ground;  
There's feed and water standing here each day the whole  
year round.  
But maybe I have tired you, sir—forgive an old man's  
pride;  
But somehow I love dumb critters, and I want their wants  
supplied.

*A Cattle Queen.*

Miss Maude Reed has been located for five years on the Little Dolores. Coming from Sweden a poor girl, she launched out into the far west and started with a few head of cattle, and to-day she is one of the shrewdest and ablest cattle-owners in Mesa county. Many is the gallant cowboy that has doffed his sombrero and bestowed his most devoted attentions upon the fair Maude. She owns 140 head of good grade cattle, and an excellent ranch worth a snug fortune. All this she has accumulated by her own exertions and good business management. Being a fine horsewoman, she superintends the round-up of her own cattle each year, markets her beef, and attends to her bank account with as much shrewdness as any accomplished cattle-dealer. But we warn all who travel that way with the idea of picking up a fortune that the lady is credited with being a capital shot and an ardent admirer of woman's rights.—*Stock Journal, Wyoming Territory.*

*The Two Nests.*

FROM ENGLISH PUBLICATION.

**ROBBY ROVER** rushed into his mother's presence one afternoon, his bright eyes sparkling with delight, and he shouted, as only little boys can. "Look here, mother, see what I've found—a bird's nest, a real live bird's nest!" (Robby had found *discarded* nests before, in the currant bushes, so he called this a live one, in contra-distinction to them.)

"Well, child, you need not scream about it loud enough to make one deaf; and, see there," she said in a tone of vexation, "what marks you have made on the floor with your dirty wet feet. Be off with yourself, and see that you don't break those nasty eggs on your clothes; if you do you will be sorry for it."

Robby, somewhat abashed, retreated out of doors with his prize, which he carefully placed in an old box his father had given him to keep his playthings in. There was a curious medley of things in it—balls, tops, marbles, sticks, twine, a button, "buzz," and countless other things very precious to the eyes of little boys. But Robby thought there was nothing there so beautiful as that little round nest, with those four pale blue eggs in it, so he viewed it over and over, with a confused notion in his head that little boys should never "bawl," never have wet feet, and never soil their clothes with broken bird's eggs, but without one thought of the cruel wrong he had thoughtlessly done, in taking that pretty nest from the bush where the cunning architects had with such delicate skill woven it. Ah! who can tell what far-extending waves of desolation may circle from that one childish act of wrong, which that mother, "careful in many things," had suffered to pass unrebuked.

Robby grew up a careless, cruel man, giving sorrow to his parents.

Turn we now to another home. Across that floor, there were marks of little feet leading to an outer door, where stood a little boy, holding a nest in his hand, his rosy face all glowing with excitement. "See here, mother," he cried, "what I have found in the hazel bushes—one, two, three little birdies.

The mother turned with a smile at the call of her darling, but the moment she saw what he held, her countenance fell. "Why, Willie, how could you take that away from the old birds? how sad they will feel when they come home by-and-by, and find their nest and little birdies all gone!"

"It was so pretty," said the child, in a subdued voice; "but I am sorry I took it, if it was naughty."

"It was very wrong, although, perhaps you did not think how sad the old birds would feel. See," she continued, "there is the mother-bird now; she has missed her darlings, and how distressed she is." Willie's lips quivered, and the tears sprang to his eyes, and, handing the nest to his mother, he cried, "Put it back, mother. I don't want it any more."

"Can you show me where you found it?"

"Yes, I know the very bush."

"Then come, and we will try and restore it." Taking the nest in one hand, and her little one's chubby fingers in the other, she walked slowly away, talking in a low sweet tone to him, striving to plant the priceless germ of kindness to all—and especially to all weak and unprotected things—in his little heart; and the nest was soon resting in the same bush whence those eager little fingers had torn it.

The lesson that noble mother thus instilled was never forgotten. The terror of the bereaved bird, the gentle reproach from his mother's lips, and the triumphant song which the parent bird poured forth that evening, as he found his treasures all restored, combined to make an unfading impression on Willie's tender mind. Impulses were checked thus early, which might otherwise have led to much evil in after years; and kindly feelings were aroused and stimulated, which have never ceased to grow and strengthen in his heart,

and which to-day form the crowning grace of his noble, manly character.

One whose name is a household word has thus truthfully and beautifully written in regard to the training the "man-child":—"To-day he is at your feet; to-day you can make him laugh; you can make him cry; you can persuade, coax, and turn him at your pleasure; you can make his eyes fill and his bosom swell with recitals of good and noble deeds; in short, you can mould him if you will take the trouble. But look ahead some years, when that little voice shall ring in deep bass tones, when that small form shall have a man's weight and tramp, when a rough beard shall cover that little round chin, and the wilful strength of manhood fill out that little form. Then you would give worlds for the key to his heart; but if you lose it now he is little, you may search for it carefully some day, with tears, and never find it."

M. Muller.

*A Boy Who Became Famous.*

A boy, only six years old, was sailing with his father down the Danube. All day long they had been sailing past crumbling ruins, frowning castles, cloisters hidden away among the crags, towering cliffs, quiet villages nestled in sunny valleys, and here and there a deep gorge that opened back from the gliding river, its hollow distance blue with fathomless shadow, and its loneliness and stillness stirring the boy's heart like some dim and vast cathedral. They stopped at night at a cloister, and the father took little Wolfgang into the chapel to see the organ. It was the first *large* organ he had ever seen, and his face lit up with delight, and every motion and attitude of his figure expressed a wondering reverence.

"Father," said the boy, "let me play!" Well pleased, the father complied. Then Wolfgang pushed aside the stool, and when his father had filled the great bellows, the elfin organist stood upon the pedals. Now the deep tones woke the somber stillness of the old church! The organ seemed some great uncouth creature, roaring for very joy at the caresses of the marvelous child.

The monks, eating their supper in the refectory, heard it, and dropped knife and fork in astonishment. The organist of the brotherhood was among them, but never had he played with such power. They listened; some crossed themselves, till the prior rose up and hastened into the chapel. The others followed, but when they looked up into the organ loft, lo! there was no organist to be seen, though the deep tones still massed themselves in new harmonies, and made the stone arches thrill with their power. "It is the devil," cried one of the monks, drawing closer to his companions, and giving a scared look over his shoulder at the darkness of the aisle.

"It is a miracle!" said another. But when the boldest of them mounted the stairs to the organ-loft, he stood as if petrified with amazement. There was the tiny figure, treading from pedal to pedal, and at the same time clutching at the keys above with his little hands, gathering handfuls of those wonderful chords as if they were violets, and flinging them out into the solemn gloom behind him. He heard nothing, saw nothing besides; his eyes beamed, and his whole face lighted up with impassioned joy. Louder and fuller rose the harmonies, streaming forth in swelling billows, till at last they seemed to reach a sunny shore, on which they broke; and then a whispering ripple of faintest melody lingered a moment in the air, like the last murmur of a wind-harp, and all was still.

The boy was John Wolfgang Mozart.

—*Christian Intelligencer.**Shipping Hogs With Ice.*

Mr. Childers of El Dorado, Kansas, has been an extensive shipper of hogs, and has always lost heavily by overheating on the road, some of the hogs dying and others arriving in bad condition. To remedy this evil he filled three gunny sacks with ice, about one hundred pounds in all, and suspended them in the car over the hogs. The dripping ice-cold water kept the hogs cool, and since he has adopted this plan Mr. Childers has had no trouble in shipping live hogs to market.

*Lost on the Prairie.*

Some years since a party of surveyors had just finished their day's work in the northwestern part of Illinois, when a violent snow-storm came on. They started for their camp.

The wind was blowing very hard, and the snow drifting so as to nearly blind them. When they thought they had nearly reached their camp, they all at once came upon tracks in the snow. These they looked at with care, and found, to their dismay, that they were their own tracks.

It was now plain that they were lost on the great prairie, and that if they had to pass the night there in the cold and the snow, the chance was that not one of them would be alive in the morning. While they were all shivering with fear and with cold, the chief man of the party caught sight of one of their horses, a gray pony, known as "Old Jack."

Then the chief said: "If any one can show us our way to camp in this blinding snow, Old Jack can do it. I will take off his bridle and let him loose, and we will follow him. I think he will show us the way to our camp."

The horse, as soon as he found himself free, threw his head in the air, as if proud of the trust. Then he snuffed the breeze and gave a loud snort, which seemed to say, "Come on, boys. Follow me; I'll lead you out of this scrape."

He then turned in a new direction and walked off, and the men followed him. They had not gone more than a mile when they saw the cheerful blaze of their camp-fires. They all gave a loud hurrah at the sight.

They felt grateful to God for their safety, and threw their arms around Old Jack's neck to thank him for what he had done. I know this is a true story, for my father was the chief of the party on the occasion.

And we know of the parties, and that it is true.  
—[Editor.]

*Intelligence in Cows.*

A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* sends the following instance of intelligence in cows: The other morning, a very sultry one, two cows came to our gate, evidently on the lookout for something, and after being at first somewhat puzzled, the thought struck me that they might be in want of water. No sooner had this occurred than I had some water brought in a large vessel, which the animals at once sucked up with great eagerness. The pair then sauntered contentedly away to a field near at hand. In about a half an hour or so we were surprised by seeing our two friends marching up to the gate, accompanied by three other cows.

The water tap was again called into requisition, and the new-comers were in like manner helped liberally. Then, with gratified and repeated "moo-oo's," (a unanimous vote of thanks) our visitors slowly marched off to their pastureage.

It was quite clear to us that the first two callers, gratified at their friendly reception, had strolled down to their sister gossips and dairy companions and informed them—how I cannot say, can you?—of their very liberal entertainment, and then had taken the very pardonable liberty of inviting them up to the cottage. This morning we were again visited by the first couple, bringing a stranger with them.

P. S.—July 21.—Since the above was written, our four-footed friends have never failed in their morning calls, generally bringing some strangers with them. On Saturday we had three strangers, yesterday one, and this morning one.

A smart schoolboy says it takes thirteen letters to spell "cow," and proves it thus: "See O double you."



LOST ON THE PRAIRIE.

*The Feathered Wanderers.*

The following lines were written on seeing a large triangular flock of migratory seabirds flying southward to their winter haunts:—

Drop me a feather from thy wing,  
If thou canst spare that needful thing,  
Thou leader of the van.  
I've watched thee through ethereal space  
And wondered at thy flight apace,  
So far above the human race—  
Avoiding ruthless man.

Do send me down one feather fair,  
And let it circle in the air—  
A treasure it will be.  
'Twould be an emblem all would prize—  
A gem not dazzling to our eyes,  
Whose beauty came from paradise,  
'Created to be free.

By what electioneering plan  
Wert thou elected to the van  
To marshall the platoon?  
Was it by meeting and a vote,  
Or joint consent, by bill or note,  
And herald sent with power to quote,  
That gave thee such a boon?

Tell me by writing with thy quill,  
Who calls conventions?—drafts a bill  
To guide thy commonwealth?  
Dost thou have rings and junkettings,  
Such frauds as govern earthly things—  
Obtaining goods by stealth?

—Samuel E. Sawyer in Transcript.

The above, which we take from the Boston Transcript written by the chairman of the trustees of our permanent fund, shows that the highest business ability and success are not inconsistent with poetical genius.

*For Our Dumb Animals.**Be Kind to Animals.*

BY ELLIOTT PRESTON.

Be kind to these dumb friends, whose lives are spent  
In faithful service and unflagging zeal,  
Toiling, without reward, from morn till night  
To serve our pleasure!—hear their mute appeal!  
  
"Ye, whom we serve with all our best endeavor,  
Lift not the lash! O spare the brutal goad!  
Withhold not fresh, sweet bed and generous meal,  
Nor overtask our strength with cruel load!"

*Balky Horses.*

I once heard of an unfortunate gentleman who had become insane, but was restored to sound health simply by causing the mind to make a sudden revulsion, which was done by skillfully causing him to become jealous of his wife, who was a most excellent lady and aware of the process. On this hint we might learn to manage a balky horse. He is insane on the subject of going, that is self-evident. If we manage to make him think on some other subject, he will naturally forget about going and go before he knows it. The following devices have been successfully tried to accomplish the desired end: First, tying a string around the horse's ear close to the head; second, hitching the horse's tail to the singletree by means of a cord; third, filling the mouth full of some substance; fourth, tying a stout twine around the leg, just below the knee, and then removing it when he has traveled some distance. Never whip a balky horse, for the more he is whipped the crazier he will become. Let everything be done gently, for boisterous words only confuse him and make him worse. Treat him in the mild manner that you would a crazy man, and you will succeed.

—Home and Farm.

*A Monkey's Fear of Fire-Arms.*

He was greatly frightened at a gun that I shot off one day at some sparrows. He hid at once in the straw of his cage, and never left it till the gun was hung up again. After that I had only to touch the stock, to make him hide again, when nothing could be seen in the straw except a pair of sharp eyes watching all my motions. Just a touch of my finger or a cane upon the cock of the gun was enough to deprive him of all quiet. I used to carry on my watch chain a little pistol, on which a percussion-cap would make a tolerably loud report. The monkey had not yet found this out, and, sitting on my knees, would amuse itself with licking the silver barrel.

One day in his presence I put a percussion-cap on the nipple of the pistol. The monkey observed my movements with great attention, but without seeming disturbed by them. But when the cock, being raised, made two clicks, Molly dropped his eyebrows, while he continued sitting quietly. When the explosion took place, his fright was unbounded. Crying loudly, and full of anguish, he fell from my knees, ran across several rooms, leaped out of the window, clung to a water-pipe, slid down to the street and hid himself in a ditch in a neighboring garden. His nervousness lasted a long while, and I had to take off my watch-chain to appease it.

From that day he was in such fear of the little pistol that to take hold of the chain was enough to make him disappear in the straw. But he very soon learned by experience that the source of the detonation was not in the chain but in the pistol, and could easily distinguish it from the other appendages of the chain, of which he was not afraid at all.

Sitting on the straw in his cage, he would attentively watch my movements while I was handling these appendages. The closer my fingers approached the formidable object, the greater became his anxiety, and with his eyes riveted upon the instrument, and with tense ears, he would dance continuously in the cage, all ready to go under the straw. He would assure himself beforehand, for greater security, that the cage-door was well shut; and one day, when the bolt had not been pushed in, he leaped out from the cage, which did not seem safe enough for him, and went and hid himself under the bed in the next room; as I gradually removed my hand from the pistol, I would receive chuckles of approbation; and, with his lips pushed forward and the muscles of his ear moving by jerks, he would manifest a very great joy.

—M. J. Fischer, in *Popular Science Monthly*

The girl you had better shun—Litty Gay Shun.

*The New Order of Mercy, or Crime and its Prevention.*

A paper of fifty-four manuscript pages with the above title, by Mr. Angell, before the annual meeting of the National Association of Superintendents of Public Schools at Washington on February 14th, 1884, has just been published by the Bureau of Education of the Department of the Interior, and is being sent to superintendents of public schools throughout the country.

The Oregon Society P. C. A. and the West Virginia School Journal have reprinted the article in full, and it has already brought many letters from School Superintendents and others.

It is a plea for the establishment of "Bands of Mercy" in all the public schools of our country—not only for the prevention of cruelty to animals—but also for the prevention of crime. We give the following extracts:

"It is not the ignorant alone that fill the ranks of criminals. The chaplain of the Auburn (New York) State prison said some time since that the convicts there constituted one of the most intelligent audiences he ever addressed. Out of 1,368 prisoners, 1,182 had received a greater or less education in our colleges, academies, public schools, and elsewhere.

The secretary of our Massachusetts board of prison commissioners assured me, May 12, 1881, that what is stated in regard to the intelligence of convicts in Auburn prison will hold true in regard to the intelligence of convicts in various other prisons.

It is not the uneducated alone that are in training to commit crime. In the various Boston papers some time since appeared the following telegram: "Some two hundred students of \_\_\_\_\_ College got drunk on Thursday night and behaved so outrageously at the "Hahnemann Fair" that all the ladies left and the police were powerless to preserve order. After leaving the fair they raided about a dozen lager beer saloons, and fighting, riot, and scandalous behavior continued in the neighborhood till daylight, the police being afraid to meddle with them."

In the Boston Journal of January 25, 1882, I find that twenty-three students of another college had just been indicted by the grand jury and arrested for crime.

These are not exceptional cases. I could quote other colleges as well to show the spirit of lawlessness which prevails among large numbers of our educated young men.

The facilities for committing crime are constantly increasing. I am assured, on what I believe to be entirely reliable authority, that a machine has been recently invented, costing only five dollars, with which the skilful burglar can open the strongest safe in any vault of our cities, in thirty minutes, without noise.

A nihilist lecturer recently stated to a Boston audience that there are now about 400 schools in Europe (he did not say how many in America) whose only object is to teach the use of explosives; that about sixty tons of tri-nitro-glycerine, having ninety-three times the power of gunpowder, are now concealed, ready for use; that he carried dynamite always in his pocket, and two ounces of an explosive he had, put at the entrance of the Tremont Temple, where he was lecturing, would destroy the life of every person in that building.

Science is making wonderful progress. Steamers can be blown to atoms in mid-ocean, railroad trains be wrecked, safety vaults and magnificent piles of architecture changed in a moment to shapeless ruins. It is perfectly certain that the criminal classes of the future are going to know all about these things, and it is becoming a most momentous question, How are we going to stop the growth of crime?

It is certain that education of the intellect alone will not do it; that only gives increased power. The churches and Sunday schools alone cannot stop it, for they do not reach the great masses who never attend them. In some States not more than half the people attend the churches, and in some States probably not more than a quarter, and only a similar proportion of children attend the Sunday schools."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Are these controversies to be settled in the future

humanely by arbitration and the ballot, or how are they to be settled ?

This is going to be a great question before long, and it may be much sooner than we expect. Four hundred schools in Europe, we are told, are teaching the use of dynamite, and its apostles are not few nor far between.

If we drift into another civil war, where will be found these great and growing criminal classes who never enter church or Sunday school, who believe property should be divided or destroyed. Will they or will they not come to the front, as they did in the French revolution, and what is the remedy? Pass more stringent laws, perhaps you say. How are you going to pass them; and how are you going to enforce them, when more or less men on every jury (and it may be some of your judges even) are in sympathy with crime?"

\* \* \* \* \*

"I do not seek to disparage our present great and powerful instrumentalities of good and the army of noble and self-sacrificing men and women engaged in them. I only seek to show that in spite of them all crime is increasing far beyond our increase of population, and seems likely to increase still more in the future, and that new measures must be adopted. What can we do? I answer: In my judgment there is only one way. We must go straight to the foundations and begin with the children in our public schools, and that will be the quickest way to reach the parents.

If we want to stop lawlessness and crime, we must begin with the children in our public schools.

Nearly all the criminals of the future, the thieves, burglars, incendiaries, and murderers, are now in our public schools, and with them the greater criminals who commit national crimes. They are in our public schools now, and we are educating them. We can mould them now if we will. To illustrate the power of education: We know that you may make the same boy Protestant, Roman Catholic, or Mohammedan. It is simply a question of education. You may put into his little hand, as first toys, whips and guns and swords, or you may teach him, as the Quakers do, that war and cruelty are crimes. You may teach him to shoot the little song bird in spring time, with its nest full of young, or you may teach him to feed the bird and spare its nest. You may go into the schools now with book, picture, song, and story, and make neglected boys merciful, or you may let them drift until, as men, they have become sufficiently lawless and cruel to throw your railway trains off the track, place dynamite under your dwelling houses or public buildings, assassinate your President, burn half your city, or, as nihilistic leaders, involve the nation in civil war.

Is it not largely, if not wholly, a question of education?

I say, then, that our remedy against the lawlessness and crime now so rapidly growing in this country lies in the humane, which will be found to include also the moral, education of the children, and that this is also the shortest road to reach the parents."

\* \* \* \* \*

"It is not the intention to have a word said or quoted in any Band that will give offence to any religious denomination, or to require the teaching of anything but kindness and protection for the weak; but it is the hope of its founders that teachers and officers of all Bands will, so far as practicable, endeavor to inculcate not only thoughts and habits of mercy, but also a firm belief in the Infinite Ruler of the Universe, upon whose mercy we depend. This can be done without in any manner interfering with sectarian beliefs, by showing how the whole natural world is full of the evidences of His wisdom, power and goodness.

It is our earnest hope, also, that teachers and officers of all Bands will, so far as practicable, inculcate the great doctrine of immortality. We think it can be shown, without conflicting with the religious views of any denomination, that the sacred books and religious beliefs and recorded spiritual experiences of all ages and nations teach it; and that if all these evidences were wanting, still the common sense of mankind would show the necessity of another life to right the wrongs of this one, and that a power so great and good as is revealed in this universe would never permit saints, martyrs, and holy mothers to simply share with pirates and murderers a common annihilation. We think that any system of

teaching mercy which ignores the merciful God, and a future life in which the wrongs of this one shall be righted, must be defective and unsatisfactory.

It will not be difficult to teach with mercy, also, in similar ways, peace, temperance, truth, honor, honesty. We think it will be found on reflection that mercy includes them all, and that no man can be truly merciful without them. But we require only the pledge, 'I will try to be kind to all harmless creatures, and will try to protect them from cruel usage.' And we have abundant evidence that the teaching of this alone will prevent both cruelty and crime.

The experience of French and English schools during many years has shown that children taught kindness to animals only, become not only more kind to animals but also more kind to each other. This matter has been deemed so important that not only are regular lessons on this subject now given in over 5,000 schools of France, and the minister of public instruction has ordered publications teaching it to be circulated in French schools, but also in those schools have been formed large numbers of societies of youth and children to protect the lower animals from cruelty.

In one department of France alone there are now about 500 of these societies, and in some of the Roman Catholic dioceses of France children are not admitted to first communion until they promise to be kind to animals. For the same object large societies of youth and children have been formed in Germany, Denmark, Russia, Switzerland, and Great Britain. It is probable that more than 100,000 English school children are to-day members of these associations. In proof of the established fact that this teaching not only prevents cruelty but also crime, in England public attention has been called to the fact that out of about 7,000 children carefully taught kindness to animals, during a series of years, in one English public school, not one has ever been arrested for any criminal offence. It was ascertained some time since, by inquiry in American prisons, that out of 2,000 convicts inquired of only 12 had any pet animal during their childhood.

We know that simply teaching kindness in our "Bands of Mercy"; to be more merciful to the aged, weak, and suffering; to feed the song birds and spare their nests; sprinkle ashes on streets, that men and horses may not fall; put the blankets that have blown off horses on again and tuck them under the harness; kill fish as soon as they are caught, as Agassiz taught his pupils; protect the useful toad; avoid treading upon the useful and harmless worm even, will have a mighty influence to prevent many from becoming criminals, and make them good, merciful, and law-abiding citizens. I could easily fill an hour with anecdotes illustrating the power of teaching kindness to the lower creatures; and for illustrations of the power of teaching kindness to the higher we have only to look at the histories of the Quakers and Moravians."

\* \* \* \* \*

"I am sometimes asked, 'Why do you spend so much of your time and money in talking about kindness to animals, when there is so much cruelty to men?' And I answer, 'We are working at the roots. Every humane publication, every lecture, every step in doing or teaching kindness to them, is a step to prevent crime—a step in promoting the growth of those qualities of heart which will elevate human souls, even in the dens of sin and shame, and prepare the way for the coming of peace on earth and good will to men.'

There are hundreds of thousands of parents among the depraved and criminal classes of this country whom no child can be taught to love or ought to be. There are hundreds of thousands of homes where the name of the Almighty is never heard, except in words of blasphemy. But there is not a child in one of those homes that may not be taught in our public schools to feed the birds and pat the horses and enjoy making happy all harmless creatures it meets on the street, and so be doing acts of kindness forty times a day, which will make it not only happier, but better, and more merciful in all the relations of life.

Standing before you as the advocate of the lower races, I declare what I believe cannot be gainsaid—that just so soon and so far as we pour into all our schools the songs and poems and literature of mercy towards these lower

creatures, just so soon and so far shall we reach the roots not only of cruelty but of crime.

A short time since I was written to by order of an association of the leading citizens of one of our largest Western cities, and the question asked, 'What can we do to stop the growth of crime?' I answered, 'Form a Band of Mercy in every public school of your city as quickly as you can.' So you will reach the children at once, and through them, and their cards, badges, and humane literature, you will reach also the parents.

My friends, have you anything better? It costs nothing. It opens in every school where it is formed a door or channel through which we can pour into the school our humane literature and education. It can do no harm. It may do infinite good, not only in this generation, but in the great future when we shall have ceased from our labors.

No man can tell the influence that may go out from even the smallest Band to bless our country and to bless the world. Millions are expended in building monuments in our cemeteries. I know of no way in which any man or woman can build a better monument than by founding a Band or Bands of Mercy, dedicated to the glory of God and the highest welfare of His creatures, both human and dumb."

Mr. Richards introduced the following, which was adopted:

*Resolved*, That we heartily approve of the "American Bands of Mercy," and welcome their introduction into the public schools of our country to aid in the moral education of our people.

#### Odd Fellows.

We have often been tempted to expose the secret of Odd-Fellowship; and we commence by telling outsiders that we have been finally persuaded to make public some of the principal doings "on the inside."

We have never seen a drunken man inside of a Lodge-room; we have never heard an oath or profane word there; we have never heard character abused, nor unjust insinuations; no gossips flourish there; the songs we have listened to there are not unlike those that we used to hear when our pious mother led us by the hand to the house of God. We have never known any Lodge to neglect, on any meeting-night, to make diligent enquiry for any of its members who might be sick or in distress; nor have we ever heard of a case of distress that was not promptly relieved. The cry of the widow and the orphan may fall unheeded elsewhere, but it is promptly answered in the Odd-Fellows' Lodge-room.

This organization numbers 500,000 men in its ranks.

If the above is a true description of Odd Fellows we wish there were five millions of them in the U. S.—EDITOR.

#### In Society.

"Are they in society?" "No, not at all." "But I hear that they have a good deal of company?" "Oh, yes, I suppose they do of one sort and another. They have little receptions five times a week, but nobody goes except authors, and artists, and college professors, and musicians, and scientists, and such people."

#### Germany.

Our friend J. F. C. Kuhtmann of Bremen writes us in great praise of Band of Mercy hymns of Ursula Tannenforst of Philadelphia, in our September OUR DUMB ANIMALS; also, that he has translated our poem in same paper, "The Kaiser's Questions," into German, and it has already a circulation of 13,000 copies.

A Methodist minister tried to start a church in a Western town, but from lack of support had to give up. This was the peroration of his farewell sermon: "At the last day the Lord will say to Saint Peter, 'Where is your flock?' and Saint Peter will answer, 'Here, Lord;' He will say to Calvin, 'Where are your sheep?' and Calvin will reply, 'Here, Lord;' and so all of the shepherds can answer. But when He asks me, 'Where are your sheep?' how will you feel when I am compelled to say, 'Lord, I haven't any; mine were all hogs.'"

#### Wonders of Nature.

"AND LOOK THROUGH NATURE UP TO NATURE'S GOD."

All nature is a wonder-book with God for its author. Like the Book of Revelation, it reveals the wisdom, power and goodness of God.

I gather from various sources interesting and wonderful facts concerning the animal creation.

The common whale is the largest of all animals, often over one hundred feet long, and weighing two hundred and fifty tons; his spine like the trunk of a tree, his main artery as large as a man's body, through which the heart throws twelve or fifteen gallons of blood at each beat; six men can lie on his tongue, and he can crush a boat with his immense jaws. Yet this Leviathan can spring out of the water, lash the sea with its tail till it "boils like a pot," or dive, head downwards, four or five thousand feet.

There are more than eight thousand species of fishes. Their shape, fins, tail, scales, bladder, all are adapted to their element. The white shark weighs ten thousand pounds and has two hundred teeth.

Scales are a coat of mail; gills serve for respiration.

The eyes are usually without lids, except of those that burrow in the sand.

In Eastern Asia, a fish is found with eyes in halves, like some eye-glasses, for near and far sight.

The smell and hearing of the fish are acute, and it can be domesticated so as to come at call; they are usually long lived. A pike was put into a pond with a ring and found seventeen years afterward.

They are very strong and swift.

A herring will swim sixteen miles an hour for weeks, and a shark will follow the swiftest steamers across the ocean. The little nautilus uses his shell for a boat and spreads a film for a sail like an experienced navigator.

Many fish are dumb; some make sounds, fly or leap, and some eels wander in meadows.

Some attack prey with teeth protruding from the tongue. The sea-devil buries himself in the sand, moves his fins like worms, and attracts prey. Some have spears and swords, by which they pierce the sides of vessels; some hold to the sides of other fish by suction, and lacerate them.

The cuttle fish exudes a dark pigment to blind its pursuer.

Some emit a wonderful phosphoric light which illuminates the deep.

Some shoot drops of water at flies, and the torpedo has an electric battery with one hundred pipes, by which he can kill a horse. The electric eel can send a shock fifteen or twenty feet. The lobster moults, drawing off his claws as men do boots. Mollusks dwell in shells of all shapes and colors. The costly royal purple of the ancients came from one of these shells.

Oysters deposit about one million eggs.

A singing muscle is found on the coast of Ceylon.

Fish were created first, and they are the lowest and most numerous of animals.

God said "Let the waters bring forth abundantly," and it was so.

—E. P. Marvin, in *Mother's Magazine*.

#### Brownies.

I know of a brownie who lives in a tree,

Chipperee-ree! chipperee-ree!

He fears no danger—oh, no, not he!

Chipperee-ree! chipperee-ree!

Here in my home in the maple-tree,

I live contented and safe and free,

Oh, who so happy and full of glee!

Chipperee ree! chipperee-ree!

I scamper and frolic the whole day long,

Chipperee ree! chipperee-ree!

I'm always gay, tho' I sing no song,

Chipperee-ree! chipperee-ree!

And in the fall when the woods are brown,

And the nuts come dropping thickly down,

I'll scamper away to Brownies' Town,

Chipperee-ree! chipperee-ree!

—Little Men and Women.

#### Politeness.

A group of boys stood on a street corner discussing their chances of success in answering an advertisement for an errand boy in a wholesale dry goods house near by. Their names and addresses had already been registered, and they were sent off with the remark that the "best would be sent for when wanted."

While they stood talking, an old man, with hair white as snow, bowed back, and trembling hands, came slowly and unsteadily down the street, the only support to his feeble limbs being his stout cane. When a short distance from the boys, the cane dropped from his hand and rolled in the gutter.

"Look here, Billy," said one of the boys, "the old man is swamped."

At this all the boys but one broke out into a laugh.

But Harry Walton looked serious, picked up the cane, wiped the mud and water from it, and handed it back to the old man, touching his cap respectfully as he said:

"Can I help you, sir?"

"Thank you; you may help me across the street," replied the old man.

And Harry, taking him by the hand, helped him over the crossing, and opened the door of the store for him to enter.

Once inside, he was led to an easy chair in the private office.

"Well, father, I have a large list of names to select from," said the merchant in answer to his father's question. "They all seem intelligent."

"Suppose you summon them all here, and see if I cannot help you."

So a postal card was sent to each boy to appear the next day; and at the appointed time they were on hand.

When they were all gathered, the old gentleman adjusted his glasses, and said that before the selection would be made he would tell them a story. And he told of the incident of the day before, and closed by asking if that boy was present.

"Please, sir," said one of the boys, "that was Harry Walton, and he's here."

"Then, James," said he, turning to his son, "that's the boy for us."

The rest of the boys looked confused, and as the old gentleman concluded his lecture on politeness, departed with the determination to be more polite in future.

It costs nothing to cultivate good manners, and it pays to have them. The boy or girl who is polite and civil to every one is always sure to succeed in winning the respect and confidence of the public and in getting along in the world. Try it and see.

—Philadelphia Call.

Vast is the mercy of God, and when a man doeth aright,  
Glad is the right-hand Angel, and setteth it quick on the  
roll;

Ten times he setteth it down in letters of heavenly light,  
For one good deed ten deeds, and a hundred for ten on  
the scroll.

But when one doeth amiss the right-hand Angel doth lay  
His palm on the left-hand Angel and whispers, "Forbear  
thy pen!"

Peradventure in seven hours the man may repent him and  
pray;

At the end of the seventh hour, if it must be, witness it  
then."

—*Pearls of the Faith.* Edwin Arnold.

#### Funerals in France.

There is one French custom we should like to see introduced into the United States, and become universal. In France, when a funeral passes, every man raises his hat to salute it. The deceased person may have been a child, a pauper, or a beggar; it is no matter; the cortège is saluted by every man, whether he be prince, millionaire, or mendicant. It is a good and lovely custom.

*Officers of the Society.**President.*

GEORGE T. ANGELL, BOSTON.

*Vice-Presidents.*

His Excellency the Governor and one hundred others through the State.

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The Society has about 500 agents throughout the State who report quarterly.

*A Prayer in Rhyme.*

The following lines are a translation from the German of a simple little prayer that may be heard each evening ascending to the ear of the Father above from thousands of children's voices in the German "Vaterland." Knowing no prayer in the English tongue that expresses with such childlike simplicity the desires that a child's heart would make known to its heavenly Father, I have translated it for the children in America, and venture to send it to you with the hope that it may find its way into many a home and into many a Sunday school in my native land. J. VON G.

Tired I am; I'll go to rest,  
Safe folded in my little nest;  
Heavenly Father, may Thine eye  
Above my bed watch very nigh!

Forgive the wrong this day I've done,  
For Jesus's sake, Thine own dear Son;  
And may his blood, once shed for me,  
From all that's sinful make me free!

Bless parents, brothers, sisters dear; \*  
Bless all I love, both far and near;  
Bless all thy children, great and small,  
I pray thee, Father of us all!

To wounded hearts and eyes that weep,  
Give rest and peace and gentle sleep,  
And o'er the gloom of heathen skies  
May soon the star of Bethlehem rise!

\*The first line of the third verse can easily be adapted to circumstances, for instance, "Bless father, mother, brother [or sister] dear."

A coachman is the saddest of all men, for his life is full of "whoa."

The European adventurer fishes for rich American girls with a baron-net.

*Cut the Belt.*

We often hear of accidents in connection with machinery, of people who become entangled in it and meet a most terrible death. When they are first discovered in their dreadful situation the sight is enough to paralyze any one, and yet anything that is done must be done very quickly if it is to be of any avail. The usual practice in such cases is to stop the large wheel. This occasions delay, and after it is stopped the smaller wheels do not stop their revolutions at once.

A much quicker and more efficient remedy is at hand. Many lives might before this have been saved, if those who are working in factories had always had it in mind. It is a very simple method and consists only in cutting the belt which connects the smaller machinery to the large wheel. There are very few cases in which this would not be effectual.

*Hampshire Gazette.*

If a 150-pound man had strength in proportion to that of the beetle, he could lift nearly 200,000 pounds. If he were agile in proportion to the agility of the flea, he could leap over a three-story house.

Animal World. London, England.  
Humane Educator. Cincinnati, Ohio.  
Humane Journal. Chicago, Ill.  
Our Animal Friends. New York, N. Y.  
Zoophilist. London, England.  
Herefordshire S. P. C. A. Hereford, England.  
Annual Report for year ending April 30, 1884.  
Animals' Friend. Vienna, Austria.  
Zoophilist. Naples, Italy.  
Livonian S. P. A. Riga, Russia. Annual Report for 1883.  
Ordinances S. P. A. for the Grand-dukedom of Hesse. Darmstadt, Germany.

*Cases Reported at Office in September.*

For beating, 17; overworking and overloading, 12; overdriving, 6; driving when lame or galled, 38; non-feeding and non-sheltering, 16; abandoning 3; torturing, 7; driving when diseased, 6; cruelty in transportation, 3; general cruelty, 56.

Total, 164.

Disposed of as follows, viz: Remedied without prosecution, 46; warnings issued, 48; not found, 14; not substantiated, 36; anonymous, 9; prosecuted, 11; convicted, 11.

Animals taken from work, 18; killed, 50.

By COUNTRY AGENTS, THIRD QUARTER, 1884.

For beating, 73; overloading, 76; overdriving, 77; driving when lame or galled, 218; driving when diseased, 50; non-feeding and non-sheltering, 62; torturing, 11; abandoning, 8; general cruelty, 374.

Total, 949.

Disposed of as follows, viz: remedied without prosecution, 876; not substantiated, 55; prosecuted, 18; convicted, 14.

Animals taken from work, 147; killed, 102.

*Receipts by the Society in September.*

FINES.

Police Courts,—Lawrence, 1 cent; Brookline, \$3.

Superior Court,—Suffolk Co. (2 cases), \$35.

Witness fees, \$16.30.

Total, \$54.31.

## FROM MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Geo. T. Angell, \$26; Henry B. Hill, \$20; A. M. Merriam, \$11. Sophia Quincy, \$10; a friend, \$4; Edith Ames, \$1; Mrs. W. H. Browne, \$1.

## FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

Mrs. F. Gill, C. F. Adams, Jr., Mrs. Whitmore, Francis A. Walker, Richard Olney, Winslow, Rand & Watson, Andrews, Barker & Bunton, Bigelow, Kennard & Co., J. W. Brigham & Co., Briggs & Shattuck, Henry Woods, Son & Co., Cutler Brothers & Co., Stickney & Poor, Hills, Turner & Co.

Total, \$143.00.

## SUBSCRIBERS.

Josephine May, \$4.80; Humane Society, West Virginia, \$1.80; A. C. Bisbing, \$1.80; Mrs. Caroline Bray, \$1.80; John Ritchie, \$1.50; M. M. Perry, 70 cents.

## ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Ellen Dana, F. Austin, Mrs. Wm. Christy, S. R. Bowles, Mary E. Libby, Mrs. Phoebe Gifford, G. B. McQuesten, M. E. Pierce.

## FIFTY CENTS EACH.

Eliza A. Mowry, L. B. Smith, Mrs. M. F. Smith, Mrs. C. T. Bartlett, E. L. Brown, Rev. Myra Kingsbury.

Total, \$23.40.

## OTHER SUMS.

Interest, \$235; publications sold, \$6.01.

Total receipts in September, \$461.72.

Dannecker, a German sculptor, worked two years upon a statue of Christ. Then he called a little girl into his studio, and pointing to the figure, asked,—

"Who is that?"

"Some great man," answered the child.

The artist simply said,—

"I have failed. I will begin anew."

He worked six years, and then again brought the same maiden into his studio.

"Who is it now?" he asked. She gazed at the statue long and silently. Then bowing her head and with tears in her eyes, answered,—

"It is He who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.'

The sculptor laid aside his chisel. He knew his statue was a success.

*Spurgeon's Prayer for Peace.*

In the course of his general petition at the Tabernacle on Sunday morning, March 16th, Rev. Mr. Spurgeon prayed that the blood which is being shed in the Soudan might not be laid to our charge. "We know not what to think of it," he went on. "Oh, that Thou wouldest deliver this people from being constantly plunged into one war or another. Oh that Thou wouldest stop the talk of those people in this land who never cease clamoring for war."

*Christian World.**Prices of Humane Publications.*

The following publications can be obtained at our offices at cost prices, which does not include postage.

"Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals," by Geo. T. Angell, at 2 cents for the whole ten bound together, or	\$2.00 per 100
"Care of Horses,"	.45 "
"Cattle Transportation," by Geo. T. Angell, 1.10 "	
"Protection of Animals," by Geo. T. Angell, 1.50 "	
"Five Questions Answered," by G. T. Angell, .50 "	
"The Check Rein," by G. T. Angell, .60 "	
"The Maret Tract," by G. T. Angell, (postage,) .05 "	
"Band of Mercy Information," by Geo. T. Angell,	1.00 "
"How to Kill Animals Humanely," by Dr. D. D. Slade,	.95 "
Humane Picture Card, "Waiting for the Master,"	.75 "
"Selections From Longfellow,"	3.00 "
"Bible Lessons for Bands of Mercy,"	.45 "
"Service of Mercy," selections from Scripture, etc.	.65 "
"Band of Mercy History," by Rev. T. Timmins,	12.50 "
"Band of Mercy Melodies,"	.50 "
Band of Mercy Register,	6 cents.
"            Cards of Membership,	2 cents each.

All the above can be had in smaller numbers at the same rates.

**OUR DUMB ANIMALS,**

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the

**MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.**

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